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Laugh flights

LAUGH FLIGHTS

AND

HUMOROUS FANCIES

BY

ALEXANDER ORR



GLASGOW:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR
1882



DEDICATION.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO THE
REVEREND P. HATELY WADDELL, LL.D.,
BY THE AUTHOR,
AS AN HUMBLE TRIBUTE TO HIS
EARNEST AND ABLE
VINDICATION OF OUR NATIONAL POET'S CHARACTER,
IN HIS
LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

PREFACE.



In introducing my little volume to the public, I beg leave to state that I make no pretence to "high-flown lear" or strict poetical rules; my rhyming—like the blind fiddler's playing—is all by ear, or, rather, natural instinct. Yet, humble though it is, I indulge in the hope that it will give a little pleasure to the reader who, at some spare moment, does me the honour of reading my verses. Some of the pieces in this collection will be familiar to many of my readers, having appeared in the "poet's column" of the "Glasgow Weekly Mail," some of them in other columns, but a few have not appeared in print before. With these few remarks, I leave my little volume to the judgment of my readers.

THE AUTHOR.

*56 Rumford Street, Bridgeton,
Glasgow, 1882.*

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THE LION O' KILBRIDE.

—(:)—

JOCK BLAWHARD was a ploughman
On a farm in East Kilbride,
A better man could not be found
Roun' a' that kintraside;
At least, that's what he said himsel',
An' his frien's for mony a day,
Tho' they micht ha'e doots yet never daur'd
Jock's notion to gainsay.

At the bothy fire on winter's nichts,
Among the servant folk;
O' a' the story-tellers there,
Nae ane could equal Jock.
O' awfu' sights an' hair-breadth 'scapes,
An' daurin' feats he'd tell;
Yet aye, in a' the frichtsome tales,
The hero was himsel'.

He tauld how he ae Whister's term ' *le' Jock*
 Got drunk in Glasca' toon,
 An' did, wi' his bare steekit nieves,
 Knock twenty police doon.
 An' then again at Hamilton,
 This was his great exploit,
 He focht a haill militia corps,
 An' put them a' tae rout.

An' as he was a sonsie chiel',
 Baith strappin' an' stout made,
 Nae ane that heard him daur'd to cast
 A doot on what he said.
 An' sae thro' course o' time his name
 ' An' fame spread far an' wide,
 An' folk would whisper "There goes Jock,
 The lion o' Kilbride."

Now envy is a frailty that
 Does fash a deal o' folk,
 An' some there were wha grued to hear
 Sic praises laved on Jock;

An' just for want o' courage,
 Some deep-laid schemes did fail,
 A' plann'd to bring discredit on
 The hero o' this tale.

But ae nicht, 'twas a Hallowe'en,
 Jock tae a spree was gaun,
 Some neighbour chaps aboot the place
 Determined on a plan,
 To meet him at a certain place,
 Whaur nane wad be abcot,
 An' wi' a weapon they had got,
 To test his courage oot.

As snod's a new preen Jock set aff,
 On fun an' pleasure bent,
 Thinkin', nae doot, on some bit lass
 As doon the road he went.
 A mile, or maybe mair, alang
 The lanesome road he'd gane,
 When by an eerie path he cam',
 That thro' a plantin' ta'en.

Thro' sic a dismal place at nicht
 Few folk wad care to gang,
 An' Jock felt queer as cautiously
 He push'd his way alang;
 But to his horror, a' at ance,
 A cauld thing touch'd his broo,
 As some ane cried—"Stand, or I'll shoot
 Ye like a cushie doo!"

Jock couldna, for his very life,
 Move either hand or foot,
 But wi' a tremblin' voice he cried—
 "For guidsake dinna shoot.
 I'm only a puir plooman chiel',
 An' little gear I've got;
 Yet what I ha'e ye're welcome tae,
 But keep awa' the shot."

He gied the thief his watch an' purse,
 But faith that wadna dae,
 He gar'd him strip his guid new coat,
 An' ta'en his felt hat tae;

An' then he swore gin Jock but mov'd
 For hauf-an-hour tae come,
 He'd get a shot wad dootless mak'
 His skull as toom's a drum!

Puir Jock in perfect horror stood,
 Frichted to turn his head,
 For fear the pistol nicht gae aff
 An' plug his skull wi' lead;
 An' tho' the nicht was bitter cauld,
 An' his hat an' coat were gane,
 The sweat gaed trintlin' owre his cheeks
 In draps like Lammas rain.

To ken when his hauf-hour was up
 Was far ayont his po'er,
 As to his terror-sticken heart
 Each minute seem'd an hour;
 But just as if to fright him waur
 A hoolet cried, too whoo,
 An' Jock ran yellin' bot the wood
 Just like a sticket soo.

Jock managed hame, the how or why,
 He kenn'd the best himsel',
 An' when he stept inside the house
 A' hauns jumped up pell mell—
 Wi' cries "O, guid preserve us, Jock,
 What has gane wrang the nicht?"
 Tae a' whilk Jock at length replied,
 "There's mair gaen wrang than richt.

Haill fifty Ru'glen colliers a'
 Yoked on me in the wud,
 But, faith, I faced them like a man,
 An' gied them scud for scud;
 My guid new coat was torn to rags
 Before they got me doon,
 An' while they stole my things ane held
 A pistol to my croon."

Sic hearty roars of lauchter
 At the story he had telt,
 Gar'd Jock look roun' in great surprise,
 And guess he had been selt;

An' when his coat, hat, watch, an' purse
Were a' brocht safe to han',
The far-famed lion o' Kilbride,
Wi' shamie, could hardly stan'.

An' then the dreaded pistol
That had gi'en him sic a fricht,
A guid sized garden carrot was
Held up before his sicht;
An' lang it was a standin' joke
A' roun' the kintraside,
To ask what kind o' pistol scaured
The lion o' Kilbride?

WIDOW DERMOTT.

--(:)--

Success to the Widow Dermott!
The sweet little forget-me-not;
 So tidy and neat
 At eighteen stone weight,
And she owns such a beautiful cot.

Now, the delicate Widow Dermott,
Besides owning that self-contained cot,
 Has an acre of ground,
 Fenced snugly around,
Part of which makes a nice garden plot.

All kinds of sweet flowers blossom there,
But the one thing she tends with great care;
 And dear to her sight,
 Both morning and night,
Is a tree that bears apples so rare.

One season, sure, 'twas a grand sight,
And filled the dame's heart with delight,
Such a burden to see,
On that elegant tree,
Of apples so plump, red, and bright.

But one morn it grieved her to see,
That some one had been making free
With her apples at night,
And to make matters right
She resolvèd to keep watch on her tree.

Built up to the edge of her plot,
Is another small self-contained cot,
With a board on the wall
To make known to all
That good lodgings there can be got.

It was from that same lodgings next night,
Through a small window, something in white,
With a great deal ado,
At length wriggled through,
Sure, it gave the fair widow a fright!

'Twas the figure, she quickly did see,
Of a lodger called Phelim Magee,
As naked's a truth,
Bar his night-shirt for sooth,
And he made mighty quick for the tree.

Big Phelim ne'er dreaming of harm,
Overhead quickly stretched his long arm,
And grabbing a branch
He gave such a wrench
That brought apples down in a swarm.

Satisfied that the thing was all right,
He stooped down to have a good sight,
When he got such a lick
With a blackthorn stick
That it gave him a terrible fright!

Yelling out with the fright and the pain,
He made straight for the window again,
Never seeking to find
Who had pegg'd him behind,
Anxious only his lodgings to gain.

Great hurry oft brings little speed,
As Phelim found out in his need ;
 Despite all he could do
 He could not get through,
But stuck like the root of a weed.

Very soon, now, the Widow Dermott,
Began to make things very hot,
 With her blackthorn stick,
 Raining blows very thick
On Phelim's most delicate spot.

Big Phelim he struggled in vain
To get through the window again,
 While the Widow Dermott,
 On Phelim's weak spot
Kept showering her favours like rain !

Some of the boys sleeping within,
Waking up with the terrible din,
 Seized on Phelim at length,
 And exerting their strength,
Quickly hauled the unfortunate in.

Big Phelim a lesson was taught,
Though's wisdom was painfully bought ;
And good luck to the dame
That taught him the same,
The sensitive Widow Dermott !



THE CONCEITED MAN.

(A New Sang wi' an Auld Moral.)

—(:)—

YOUNG Johnny Balmain was a nice-looking chiel',

But unco sair tainted wi' pride;

No a bad sort ava had he only had sense

To think less o' appearance ootside.

His smile an' his style were as pompous and big

As gin he'd been lord o' the lan';

The folk often said to themselves as he passed,

There gangs a gey conceited man.

His mither an' sisters were bothered fu' sair

To sort a' his things to his mind;

An' tho' he ne'er meant their feelings to pain,

Yet his grumblin's were really unkind.

An' when he was fairly rigged up in his best,

His airs were sae lofty an' gran'

That his mither wad say, wi' a shake o' her heid,

Oor Johnny's a conceited man.

John left his auld mither an' married a lass,

Like himsel' she'd a deal o' fause pride;

An' nae less wad dae them than tak' up their hoose,

In a street whaur sma' gentry did bide.

The rent an' his wages they didna jist fit,
 An' huffin' and flitein' began;
 An' in less than a twalmonth the prospect looked dark
 For Johnny, the conceited man.

Yet, although common sense show'd him clearly enough
 The way oot his trammels to get,
 Still his fause pride aye kept him frae gaun the richt gate,
 An' of course, he sank deeply in debt.
 To keep aff the beagle, frae turnin' them oot,
 Their guid claes a' gaed to the pawn,
 An' to get their drap parritch they whiles had a faucht—
 Hard lines for a conceited man.

At last Johnny's pride was fairly ta'en doon
 When the beagles selt aff a' the sticks,
 An' he an' the wife had to tak' a sma' hoose,
 An' 'mang puir working folk had to mix;
 Despite their conceit, they had jist to come back
 To the point whaur they should ha'e began;
 An' few folk wad fancy, to see Johnny noo,
 He had e'er been a conceited man.

THE PAISLEY WEAVER.

—(;)—

A NATIVE of auld Paisley toon,
 A decent canny chiel',
 To Boston, Mass., had made his way,
 To try dame fortune's wheel;
 He wandered up and down the streets,
 And gazed at every sight,
 Till tired, he thought 'twas time to look
 Out lodgings for the night.

But gaze and wander as he liked
 Not one sign met his sight,
 To tell him where a chiel' like him
 Might put up for a night;
 At length a policeman he spied,
 An' crossing o'er the way,
 He touch'd the guardian on the arm
 And civilly did say—

“Guidman wad ye but be sae kin'
 As let a body ken,
 Whaur a nicht's lodgin's micht be got
 In some quate but an' ben?”

The Yankee, in astonishment,
 Not knowing what was said,
 Stared boldly at our worthy friend
 And gravely shook his head.

The son of Paisley tried with all
 The skill he could command,
 But could not make the policeman
 His question understand.
 The Yankee only shook his head
 And said, with dubious care,
 "I rather guess, now, stranger,
 That you're a foreigner!"

"A what! ye puddin'-heided fuil,
 Gude save us that licks a',
 Tae think a decent Scotchman
 Ye wad sae sair misca';
 Confound ye!" in a rage, he cried,
 "Ye ugly Yankee reiver,
 It's ye, yersel's, the foreigner,
 I'm jist a Paisley weaver."

OH ! BUT SWEET IS LOVE.

—(:)—

OH ! but sweet is love when it's warm an' pure,
 Giff the lassie that ye lo'e returns it ;
 But, faith, it chills like a cauld water cure,
 When the prood fickle jaud she spurns it.
 But it does nae guid to chaumer or fret,
 Greetin' ne'er won the heart o' a lassie,
 But let her see anither ye can get,
 She'll ablins no be then jist sae saucy.

I've kenn'd some queans wha were ne'er content,
 But wi' rich gaudy gear tae adorn them ;
 To look fu' gran' was the hicht o' their bent,
 As for lads o' their rank they wad scorn them.
 I ha'e seen the same jauds as time wore on,
 When the wrinkles an' grey hairs were showin'
 Wi' gey ord'nar chiel's they wad try't hard on,
 Gled to snap ony chance that was goin'.

Beauty at the best only fills the e'e,
 But sma' time mak's it wither an' perish ;
 An' tho' hot-house flowers are bonnie to see,
 There's mair perfume in plain hawthorn flourish.
 An' it's whiles the lass without beauty's trace,
 That's maist worthy o' a true man's wooing ;
 An' a life-vow ta'en for a pretty face,
 Is gey apt to bring a lifetime's ruing.

B

THE SCHULE BOARD MAN.

A Street Sketch.

—(·)—

WE ha'e got anither bogey man to fricht the bairnies wi'—
 A chiel' wha's aft seen on the search for weans in open day;
 Thro' ilka street and lane he prowls, like tabby watchin' mice,
 An' when he sees a bairn at play he nails him in a trice.
 As the wee bird coors in terror when the grey hawk hovers
 nigh,
 Sae hide the wee bit bairnies when this bogey man comes by;
 An' pussy never for her life frae greyhound keener ran,
 Than does the wee street Arab frae the Schule Board man.

'Tis true that maist folks' sympathies will wi' the weakest
 gang,
 Tho' it happens just as often's no their feelings lead them
 wrang;
 An' strange help asked by certain folk whiles hets a body's
 blude,
 Altho' the very boon that's asked may aiblins be for gude.

'Twas thus I felt the ither day while steerin' straucht for
hame,

I spied ane o' they Schule Board chiel's pursuing lawfu' game;
A wee bit dirty, raggit kid, whas een like bools did stan',
While fleein' in perfect terror frae the Schule Board man.

I couldna keep frae lauchin' as they baith cam' up the street,
The wee ane ready for a burst, but hadna time to greet;
The big ane strivin' a' he could the wee ane tae owretak',
Despite his utmost power it seemed sma' heidway he could
mak'.

"Ha! catch him, man," he roared tae me as up the street
they ran,

The wee ane by a guid wheen yards hard peggin' in the van.
"Na, na," quo' I, "fair play, my frien', just catch him if
you can,

I wadna play that trick, even for a Schule Board man."

The wee ane's breeks had lost the doup, and hauf the legs
forbye,

But then the colour o' his hide hid a' indecency;

'Twas unco lucky for the bairn he wi' the win' was gaun,
Or else his scant an' raggit duds wad a' been aff him blawn.

Tae see him scuddin' 'fore the win' as soople as a deer,
 While aye waff, waff his sark-tail gaed, like some new
 steerin' gear;

'Twad made the primest Quaker chiel' lauch till he couldna'
 stan',

Tae see sic droll a racket wi' the Schule Board man.

At last, amidst the lauchin' o' a sympathetic crew,
 The wee ane took a througaun close an' vanish'd oot oor
 view;

While pechin' like a hunted dug, an' unco far behin',
 The big ane fairly gied it up, clean pumpit oot o' win'.

At the hearty lauchin' o' the crood, he seemed gey sair tae
 feel,

As they brawly kent that what he meant was for the
 laddie's weel;

But the greatest men, if they but fail wi' ocht they tak' in
 han',

Are apt to get even mair than vext the Schule Board man.

WEE MUNGO.

—(·)—

WEE MUNGO was a biped queer,
 Wi' face an' figure droll,
 As ever trod this sinfu' sphere,
 An' claimed tae ha'e a sowl.

Maist folk that kenn'd the body weel
 Were aye inclined tae think,
 He was some impie o' the de'il,
 Or Darwin's missin' link.

In fact, I've heard some chiel's maintain
 They've felt a queer hard lump,
 Richt at the root o' his back-bane.
 They thocht a caudal stump.

An' ae thing fitted a' tae bits
 Tae prove his pedigree,
 O' a' the jaws for crackin' nuts
 His fairly bare the gree.

Like far too many in oor toon,
 He had ae gey bad faut,
 That was aye when pay-day cam' roon
 He dazed his brains wi' maut.

He had a mate, her name was Bell,
 A glib-tongued rantin' quean;
 Haill heid an' shouthers owre himsel'
 She stude, raw-boned an' lean.

At coupin' owre a stoup o' yill,
 I've aft times heard it telt,
 Or sneekin' aff a big hauf gill
 She couldna be excelled.

'Twas said a sailor's dear she'd been,
 But while he was at sea,
 Wee Mungo, who cam' on the scene,
 Put oot the sailor's e'e.

They had their quarrels now an' then,
 It's best tae let that pass;
 Peace-makers aft times badly fen
 In rows 'twixt lad an' lass.

Sae what I mean tae tell you here,
 Taen place ae winter nicht,
 Wee Mungo, wha was on the beer,
 Maist kilt a chiel' wi' fricht.

A policeman, wha like a cat,
 Had watched Bell stagg'rin' hame,
 Wi' something rowed up in her brat,
 Held oot before her wame.

The bobby thocht, it being late,
 Some stealing had ta'en place,
 An' kennin' if 'twas on his beat,
 'Twad bring him in disgrace.

Into the close he followed Bell,
 An' drawin' his baton oot,
 Demanded bauldly she wad tell
 What she had in the cloot.

Bell looked sae perfect thunnerstruck,
 An' ne'er a word did say;
 The bobby thocht he was in luck,
 An' clutched his supposed prey!

But doon his han' did drap like lead,
An's hair on en' did stan',
When something wriggled oot its heid
An' yelled oot—"I'm her man!"

The bobby gied a fearfu' yell,
Syne like a stane did drap;
While`lauchin' up the stair gaed Bell,
Wi' Mungo in her lap.

THE WIDOW'S CHOICE.

—(·)—

ANCE on a time as maist folk say,
 Wha ha'e a tale to tell,
 There lived a dame within the sound
 O' Cams'lang auld kirk bell;
 She'd been wed but her spouse had gane
 To answer for his deeds,
 An' syne as fashion willed it sae,
 She donn'd the widow's weeds.

At saving siller a' his life
 Her guidman had been keen,
 An' when he taen the kirk-yard gate
 He left her snug an' bein;
 A weel filled purse is aye a frien',
 Weel worthy o' the name,
 Wi' that an' a free hoose beside,
 But little ailed the dame.

No muckle owre a twalmonth
 O' her widowhood had gane,
 Tae she began tae weary sair
 At leeving a' her lane;
 Ilk bird an' beast maun ha'e its mate,
 Whilk proves without a doot,
 When lanely man or woman yearns,
 'Tis nature breaking oot.

Oor dame for wooers didna want,
 Her tocher was weel kent;
 Some men for smellin' siller oot
 Ha'e got an unco scent.
 An' mony a sleekit, saft gude-day,
 An' smirk the widow got,
 Frae chiel's, wha only for her gear,
 Wad ne'er o' her ta'en note.

But what was what she kent fu' weel,
 Nae lawyer better could,
 An' sae tae please hersel' she had
 Threë lads waled oot the crood.

The first, an honest strappin' chiel',
 A collier to his trade ;
 The next, a wabster snod an' clean,
 A social, pawky blade.

A stern guardian o' the peace
 The ither ane was ca'd,
 But like some chiel's in higher jobs,
 Oor bobby was a fraud ;
 Wee laddies nailing neeps or beans,
 'Tis true, he aye could fricht,
 But when a slashin' row ta'en place,
 He aye slid oot o' sight.

To ken which o' the three tae tak'
 Did fash the widow sair,
 An' ilka day she hankered owre't,
 It bothered her the mair ;
 At length ae day, by chance, of course,
 She met wi' a' the three
 At different times, an' gaed each ane
 A biddin' tae his tea.

At the appointed hour fu' brisk,
 Her wooers a' were there,
 An' much it pleased the dame to see
 Each at his rivals stare;
 Tae start an' carry on the crack
 She strove wi' a' her power,
 An' had the trio a' at hame
 Before the tea was owre.

The tea noo past each drew his chair
 Close to the ingle cheek,
 An' bobby asked the dame "Gin she
 Did faut tobacco reek?"
 "'Deed no," quo' she, "oor late guidman
 Aye ta'en his wee bit whiff,
 An' aft it soothed his min' when we
 Had aiblins some bit tiff."

As soon's she spak' each frae his pouch
 A pipe an' 'bacca pulled,
 An' 'twas na lang till a' the three
 Had got their cutties filled;

Then frae his pouch, wi' pompous air,
 A box the bobby drew,
 Taen oot a match, struck up a licht,
 An' soon a cloud he blew.

The moudie clutched the candle up,
 Syne clapt it to his pipe,
 An' sookin' in the greasy lowe,
 Soon made his dottle ripe;
 The carefu' weaver canny rowed
 A wee bit paper roon,
 Lichted his pipe, blew oot the licht,
 Then laid the paper doon.

The dame wha had been takin' notes
 While keeping up the crack,
 Noo rose up frae her chair an' thus,
 To each in turn, spak'—
 "Your wastefu'ness wad bring on want,
 Your nesty habits strife,
 An' for his carefu'ness, I think,
 I'll be the weaver's wife."

JEANS TRIP TAE RU'GLEN FAIR.

—(:)—

THIS promise had been aften gi'en,
 By carter Jock, tae his wife Jean,
 That when the May horse fair cam' roon
 He'd tak' his wife tae Ru'glen toon.
 Young Jock when looking for a bride,
 Had met wi' Jean on Falkirk side;
 Her smiling face an' weel shaped leg,
 Gard Jock stick tae her like a cleg.
 Jock's honest, upright, sturdy mien,
 Clean stormed the heart o' sonsie Jean,
 An' wi' the guid will o' their folk,
 The pair, in harness, sune did yoke.
 They baith agreed tae settle doon
 An' try their luck in Glasca toon;
 Dame Fortune, though she's aft inclined
 Tae blaw men's castles tae the wind,
 Whiles tak's a notion o' a chiel',
 An' helps him up life's brae tae speil.

By chance or pleasure, whilk ye please,
 She gied young Jock a frien'ly heeze;
 Before ae twalmonth had gane by,
 Wi' guid thrift an' economy,
 Jock saved as much as made him fain
 Tae buy an' auld horse o' his ain.
 An' syne his business sae increased
 He thocht tae buy a better beast,
 Sae Jean an' him resolved tae gang
 Tae Ru'glen fair an' see the thrang
 O' farmers' horses, kye, an' a'
 The kintra lads an' lasses braw.
 Tae Jean the next week weary passed,
 The eventfu' day cam' roon at last;
 On a fairer day the sun ne'er shone,
 Sae their braw duds they baith got on.
 Jock roosed the auld horse frae his rest,
 An' rubbed him tae he looked his best,
 Syne tacked him snugly tae his cart,
 An' got a' ready for a start.
 A thocht struck Jean wi' unco force,
 They'd need some ane tae mind the horse,
 For 'deed she meant when she was there,
 To see the glories o' the fair.

Nae suner thocht than roon she hied
 Tae the back lan' an' "Tam, Tam," cried ;
 A wee bit winnock quick was oped,
 Frae oot a toosie pow was popped—
 Twa words explained hoo matters stuid,
 Tam kenn'd his chance was unco guid ;
 Jean's kindness aft had sent him hame
 Wi' gratefu' heart an' weel pack'd wame,
 When, but for her, he kenn'd fu' braw,
 His chance o' packing was but sma'.
 An' tho' a queer unsocial chiel',
 For sake o' Jean he'd face the de'il ;
 Then get him started on the crack,
 His stories were maist sure tae tak'.
 An' then his knowledge it was wide
 O' places roon the kintra side ;
 Sae on a seat o' guid clean straw,
 The trio quickly drave awa'.

Wi' lightsome hearts they drave alang,
 An' mixed up wi' the noisy thrang
 O' coupers, carters, horses, cuddies,
 Rough drover chiel's, an' showman bodies ;

Some bent on pleasure, some on gain,
 While some, like Tam, on chance were ta'en.
 As owre auld Ru'glen Brig they wheel,
 Tam tells a story o' a' chiel',
 Wha frae a hunt returning hame
 Had bet, the sum Tam couldna name,
 Wi' anither chap, a huntin' crony,
 He'd tak' a loup ne'er matched by ony.
 Sae at the key-stane o' the brig
 He spurred his horse wi' wicked dig,
 A minute up the brave horse reared,
 Then like a shot the brig dyke cleared;
 Like lichtnin' thro' the air they dashed,
 Then into Clyde the wild pair splashed."
 "An' did he get oot safe?" asked Jean.
 "Na, na," quo' Tam, "he ne'er was seen."

"The Clyde o'erflowed wi' roarin' spate,
 An' man an' horse baith met their fate.
 Weeks after, somewhaur doon the Clyde,
 Some men seen floating wi' the tide
 The lifeless body o' the horse,
 But ne'er was seen the maister's corse;

The loup he ta'en was ne'er surpassed,
 But faith, puir chiel', it was his last."
 They'd noo arrived at Shawfield Toll,
 Whaur stood a man wi' visage droll;
 A sleekit, waspish glance he cast
 At ilka man an' beast that passed,
 An' when he spak' his chirpin voice
 Ne'er made his debtor's heart rejoice.
 An' as oor worthy trio neared,
 At comely Jean he slyly leered;
 His cat-like e'en made Jean feel queer,
 An' caused her quick at Tam tae speir—
 "What feckless body was he that,
 Wi' ticht grey breeks an' cadger's hat,
 Wha glowered at woman-folk gaun by,
 Like some skeigh-bill that's first seen kye?"
 Tam quickly turned an' e'ed the chiel—
 "Oh, him!" quo' he, "why, that's R—b St—l!
 Weel kenn'd roon Ru'glen side is Rab,
 A bare-faced, auld, close-fisted grab,
 Whas conscience never felt a swither
 Tae cheat, for gain, a fellow-brither.
 But, faith, there's ane, I ken fu' weel,
 He'll never cheat, an' that's the de'il;

I'm tauld he sleeps wi' candle licht,
 Tae keep Auld Nick awa' at nicht;
 But weel Nick kens, as sure as fate,
 He'll get the auld rogue sune or late."

As up the Glasca' road they steered,
 Jock looked at Tam an' syne he speired—
 "Wha owned that wee bit wooden hoose,
 Whaur sat an auld wife snug an' croose;
 A market basket at her feet,
 Weel filled wi' wares baith clean an' sweet?"
 Quo' Tam, "Ye fairly ding me noo,
 I canna' gang its his'try thro',
 But in byegane days I understan',
 The laird that owned that piece o' lan'
 Ha'ein' some respect for puir auld folks,
 That cadged for meal to fill their pocks,
 Or else owre mony a mile did wend
 Some usefu' nick-nack wares tae vend,
 Had built that wee bit wooden hut
 Tae let the auld folk rest a bit;
 An' when owreta'en wi' win' an' rain,
 Its shelter they are gled tae gain."

Quo' Jean, "It hets a body's blude,
 Tae think there's folk wi' hearts sae gude;
 That's willin', time, an' cash tae spare,
 A' for the weelfare o' the puir."

"Ou, ay," quo' Tam, "that ance was true,
 But things are sadly altered noo;
 It's little rich folk ken or care
 Aboot the weelfare o' the puir.
 In some big toons, it's true, nae doot,
 There's hooses built, a' dyked aboot,
 Whaur workin' folk, when auld an' dune,
 If sae inclined may enter in;
 But, 'deed, they learn before ae week,
 They need nae mair for sorrows seek.
 It's practised there on man an' wife,
 Hoo sma' a meal can keep in life;
 An' nane grows fat within that door
 But ane folks ca' the governor."
 "If true," quo' Jean, "Gude help the puir,
 An' may we ne'er be cooped up there;
 I'd raither in the mools be lain,"
 "Amen," quo' Jock an' Tam, "Amen!"
 By this time they were near the bend
 That brocht them tae their journey's end.

Sae drivin' oot the busy road,
 Jock drave tae an auld frien's abode ;
 An' leavin' cart an' harness there,
 They taen the auld horse tae the fair.

An' tellin' Tam, noo left in charge,
 " On a' its virtues tae enlarge,
 Still, no tae mak' himsel' a le'er
 Tae likely folk that chanced tae speir ;
 An' min', the sma'est price, noo, Tam,
 Is seven-an'-saxpence an' a dram !"
 Sayin' whilk, Jock turned an' cleekin' Jean,
 Gaed aff tae see what could be seen.
 The first, an' chief sicht o' the fair,
 Was countless raws o' horses there ;
 Some for beauty, strength, an' grace,
 Wad bear the gree in ony place ;
 While ithers, packit in the raws,
 Were hardly fit for scaurin' craws.
 Starved an' ill-used, spavit an' blin',
 Wi' toothless gums and crackit skin,
 Wi' scarcely po'er tae wag a tail,
 Yet stannin' hours an' hours for sale ;

'Deed some wad ne'er ha'e stude ava,
But jist they hadna room tae fa'.

Jean was maist deaved amang the crood
O' burly coupers roarin' loud,
About the points o' some auld nag,
For dealers are nae sweered tae brag;
An' yet, wi' skill, an' ginger tae,
It's wonnerfu' what they can dae.
Some nags that reest an' winna steer
A fit for either love or fear,
The coupers manage tae come roon',
An' gar them prance a' roon' the toon.
The kye was next, an' lang Jean stude
Remarkin' some by-ord'nar gude,
An' wonner'd gin she selt her soo,
Could she no maun tae buy a coo.
Jock na inclined tae gang that length,
Declared a coo was past his strength;
But hoped before lang time gaed bye,
They'd ha'e a byre an' twa three kye.
Jean no inclined to cross his bent,
Had jist wi' that tae rest content.

Leaving the kye they taen a peep
 At some milk goats an' twa pet sheep,
 Then watched some rogues wi' voices loud,
 Tryin' their skill tae gull the crood;
 Some sellin' purses, ithers rings,
 Brooches, watches, an' ither things,
 An' ane wha blawed loud o' his stock,
 Tried hard tae palm a watch on Jock.
 But Jock, altho' he nicht look green,
 Had wit baith for himsel' and Jean;
 Said, "He wad bet a turnip seed,
 'Twasn't worth its wecht in potted-heid."
 Comin' next across a shootin' stan',
 Tae gain some nuts Jock tryt his han';
 But ne'er a single nut he won,
 Of course, he blamed it on the gun.
 Jist then somebody behint Jean,
 Clapt baith their hauns richt ower her een;
 Jean kent na wha was at her back
 Tae ance they spak', then in a crack
 She guessed her cousin frae Barrgiel,
 An' glad tae see her looking weel.
 The cousin's man, himsel', noo cam',
 An' wad hae them a' for a dram;

Sae intae Lucky Broon's they steered,
 Whaur twa three farmers sat hauf beered.
 Jean's cousin's man he ca'd a gill,
 An' Jock he stude a quart o' yill;
 An' after that they felt sae weel
 They a' agreed tae hae a reel.
 Sae aff they set for Fife's ha',
 Where kintra lads and lasses braw
 Were jiggin' hard like perfect de'ls,
 Showing aff their skill in penny reels.
 Sae Jock and Jean baith taen the flure,
 An' faced the ither cantie pair;
 They hooched an' heyed, an' loup't an' flang,
 An' kept the drouthie fiddler thrang,
 Tae Jean, altho' the best o' stuff,
 Was fairly forced tae cry enough.
 An' as they a' had dune their best,
 Each ane was gled tae tak' a rest;
 Tae Luckie Broon's they toddled back
 An' had a dram, then a lang crack.
 While sitting there a stranger cam'
 An' brocht some word tae Jock frae Tam,
 That caused him tae get on his feet
 An' hurry smartly up the street;

Tellin' the ithers as he gaed,
 Tam thocht a grand swap could be made.
 Jock jist got doon in time tae hear
 A farmer, twa rigs on the beer,
 Offer tae swap a weel-faur'd mere
 For Jock's auld nag an' ae pound clear.
 An' lookin' weel tae see a' richt,
 Jock made the bargain sure an' ticht;
 An' sendin' Tam aff tae tell Jean,
 He took the mere aff tae his freen'.

Jock's freen' a decent carter chap,
 Thocht Jock had dune weel by the swap;
 An' Jock weel pleased resolved tae stan'
 A treat tae a' his freen's aff han'.
 Sae tyin' his mere up in a sta'
 He taen his freen' the wife an' a',
 An' meetin' Tam wi' a' the lave,
 Tae Luckie Broon's again they drave;
 An' throwin' doon a hauf-a-croon,
 Jock ordered pies an' porter roon'.
 The pies were guid, the porter sweet,
 An' Jock was lauded for his treat;

O' horse an' kye they crackit lang,
 An' then a verse or twa they sang,
 Each ane then drank a partin' cup,
 An' then the company broke up.
 An' as it was weel on for nicht,
 Jock thocht 'twas time tae get things richt;
 Sae gettin' his mere in her cart,
 He sune got ready for a start.
 Weel satisfied, Jean, Jock, an' Tam
 Gaed hurlin' back the road they cam',
 Tam list'nin' tae the crack o' Jean,
 Wha chatted o' ilk thing she'd seen.
 Wi' joke an' crack the time gaed past,
 An' landed them safe hame at last;
 An' tae this day Jean does declare,
 The place for fun is Ru'glen Fair.

JIMMY THE GREENHORN.

—(:)—

YE sympathetic Scotchmen, come listen to my song,
It's of a fellow-countryman who suffered dreadful wrong;
He was a valiant Scotchman, in Paisley he was born,
And a credit to his country was bold Jimmy the greenhorn.

To make an immense fortune, by not too heavy toil,
He crossed the briny ocean and trod on Yankee soil;
And in the lager-beer saloons, where fleecy lambs are shorn,
He gained the glorious title of bold Jimmy the greenhorn.

Getting tired of boarding-houses, one of the plagues of life,
Bold Jimmy took the notion to take himself a wife;
So sparking he went with a "gal," a Yankee bred and born,
And soon engaged to marry her, did Jimmy the greenhorn.

In vain his mates did caution him, and told with bated breath
How Yankee girls "bossed" the men, and worked them sore
to death;

For loud he swore, in angry tones, the woman ne'er was born
Would wear the pants or "boss" the house of Jimmy the
greenhorn.

But few months had passed over till his mates could see
 Their countryman from Paisley, once jolly, bold, and free,
 Tread softly, as if on each toe he had an awful corn,
 While the smile was agony to see of Jimmy the greenhorn.

In the morning it was, "Jimmy, git up and light the stove,
 And git the breakfast ready, I feel too sick to move ;
 Now do be slick about it, aint you awful this morn—
 I do declare I wish I ne'er had married a greenhorn."

When he came home at evening she "bossed" him like a Turk,
 'Twas, "Jimamy, shine my gaiters," and all such menial work.
 And did he disobey her then, with proud and angry scorn ?
 Ah, no ! for meek as any lamb was Jimmy the greenhorn.

Some say before she broke him in the neighbours often found
 Large piles of broken broomsticks lying in the yard around ;
 Others say it is a secret that in Yankee gals is born,
 But I guess one knew who never told—poor Jimmy the
 greenhorn.

Worn out and broken-hearted, poor Jimmy quit this life,
 A martyr to the iron will of a sick Yankee wife ;
 So, boys, keep clear of Yankee gals, or you may tread a thorn
 That in the end will wear you out, like Jimmy the greenhorn.

AULD JOCK O' THE HA'.

—(;)—

O! KENN'D ye auld Jock o' the ha', the ha',
 Wham fell Death has nickit awa', awa',
 He screwed doon the puir
 To bring himsel' mair •
 O' lan' an siller an' a', an' a',
 His conscience was won'erfu' sma'.

At revival meetings he shone, he shone,
 Where he caused hardened sinners to groan, to groan,
 As he whisper'd in prayer
 Wi' sic pious an air,
 That could vie wi' ony Mess John, Mess John,
 And yet it was only put on.

O, highly respeckit was Jock, was Jock,
 But jist by his ain kin' o' folk, mean folk,
 O' charity scant
 Tho' brimfu' o' cant,
 His religion was only a cloak, a cloak,
 An' his heart was as hard as whin rock.

His flesh was whiles racket an' torn, sair torn,
 Like the feck o' his kin, wi' a thorn, a thorn;
 There are some grown to men,
 Wha did they but ken,
 Micht blame the auld knave they were born, e're born,
 Sic lowly estate to adorn.

He had gowpens o' gowd at comman', comman',
 Yet he couldna put aff his wagaun, wagaun;
 O, but he was laith
 To forgether wi' death,
 An' lea a' his siller an' lan', an' lan',
 Then the thocht o' what he'd hae to stan'.

O, mony a puir heart beat high, beat high,
 He aft had made sorrow an' sigh, an' sigh;
 When they heard that grim death
 Had stappit his breath,
 An' Auld Nick had taen him doon by, doon by,
 'Mang tyrants an' ither mean fry.

There are mony like Jock o' the ha', the ha',
 Wha regardless o' charity's law, leal law,
 That tortures puir folk
 Tae swell their ain stock,
 Will rue it when death gi'es them a ca', a ca',
 They'll get waur than het fingers tae blaw.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

—(·)—

YE emigrants of Scotland who left your native home,
Who for sake of wealth did cross the sea in other lands to
 roam,

What glorious news I send you that will your bosoms cheer,
And make you cry, with heartfelt joy, "The Millennium is
 near!"

All through the streets of Glasgow the glorious news has
 rung,

Up in the midst of smoke and dirt a philanthropist has
 sprung;

How boundless are his charities no human tongue can tell—
Enough that for the working class he'd sacrifice himself.

All poverty from Scotland he's sure to banish fast,
And comforts—ay, and luxuries—the poor will get at last.
No ragged bairns, sad and wan, need beg from door to door,
Nor sickly wives, with starving weans, need sigh nor sorrow
 more.

The very thieves who prowl the streets to take what's not
 their own,

Will find it's not worth while to steal, now all temptation's
 gone;

For honestly they now can earn a fortune, if they please,
And live like Indian nabobs in luxury and ease.

In these days of high taxation, how refreshing 'tis and sweet
With such an advertisement as the following to meet:—

“Wanted, good labourers, apply ye that labour seek
At 45 H—ep—k Street—twelve shillings per week.”*

Think on that, ye ragged crew, with starving wives and
weans!

No more weakness at your heart, with hunger's gnawing
pains!

No more your bairns need want for bread, your miseries all
are past—

The evil days have fled for aye—the good time's come at
last!

All sculptured busts and monuments will crumble and decay,
But the memories of deeds like these can never pass away;
The hero of this charity must have studied from the Word,
“He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord.”

In this world of ours real honest worth but seldom is
observed,

And titles and high honours given oftentimes when ill de-
served;

But honours God must on thee pour, thou great-souled son
of Adam—

Thy name should be Lord Lofty-Heart, instead of plain
M'A—m.

* The above advertisement appeared several dozens of times in the evening papers—1875-76—when rents and provisions were nearly at famine prices. The advertiser was a professed Christian philanthropist!

A FIRESIDE DREAM.

—(·)—

WITH earthly prospects far from bright,
Beside the fire I sat one night,

Doubting 'twixt hope and fear ;
Desponding thoughts oppressed me sore,
As anxiously I pondered o'er .

A prospect dark and drear !
As in a dream my fancy went
Back to those early days,
When trusting youth's impulsive bent,
Could glorious prospects raise.

'Tis truth then that youth then,
Oft builds up structures fair ;
The sage knows, and age shows,
Are castles in the air.

While musing thus my earnest gaze
Was fixed upon the fitful blaze
That cheered the humble hearth,

D

And round the fireside shadows cast,
Which brought to mind friends of the past,
 Long laid in mother earth.
Some who had sighed their parting breath
 'Mong friends and loved ones dear ;
And some who met a cheerless death,
 With but the stranger near.
 Thus musing, perusing,
 The ravages of time ;
 Old faces and places
 Inspired my humble rhyme.

The fitful flame had meanwhile fled,
And left to cheer me in its stead,
 A ruddy glowing mass ;
And as I stared in mute amaze,
Strange weirdly figures met my gaze,
 That to and fro did pass.
Some clad in robes of costly kind,
 Revelled in mirth and glee ;
While some in rags, palsied, and blind,
 Seemed born to misery.

Amazed then I gazed then
At scenes that grieved my heart,
And viewed there all laid bare,
The world's counterpart.

Here lolled the mighty millionaire,
With pompous strut and haughty stare,
Enjoying all in life ;
And there the knave, with studied art,
Played cunningly his cursed part
To stir up wicked strife.
The canting hypocrite came next,
With heart brimful of guile,
Oft quoting from a holy text,
To serve some purpose vile.
All driving and striving
Their days in ease to pass,
Still living and thriving
Upon the toiling mass.

Next on the dioramic scene,
Scantly clad in garments mean,
The humble toiler came ;

From week to week, from year to year,
 Till bent with age and spent with care,
 He'd played life's weary game.

And after years of honest toil
 The poor old worn-out slave,
 Is marked a cumb'rer of the soil,
 Fit for a pauper's grave.
 The poorer, nought surer
 For making others great;
 In tears then, in fears then
 The toiler meets his fate.

As if to soothe the angry flame
 That thrilled me at the guilt and shame
 Seen in the various parts,
 A figure came upon the scene
 With loving words and gentle mien
 That gladdened many hearts.
 Its earthly mission seemed to be
 To strive with loving hand,
 To stem the tide of misery
 That compassed the land.
 For love then it strove then,

As on from door to door,
To tend all, and mend all
The sorrows of the poor.

As verdure springs with April showers,
As sunbeams cheer the tender flowers
And make all nature glad,
I marked the smile that lit each face,
Even where grim want had left its trace
In furrows deep and sad.
The quiv'ring lip, the sparkling eye
Told of some new born ray
Of light and hope, awakened by
The power of charity.
This scene then, I ween then,
The dearest and the best,
Shone lighter and brighter,
Then vanished like the rest.

COCK ROBIN.*

—(:)—

HEY, but ye're early, Robin, my man !

What brings ye sae sune tae the toon ?

The hauf o' the stooks are na yet aff the lan',

Yet ye're bauld as if winter was roon.

An' sagely yon auld carle wags his grey pow—

As ye warble yer cantie bit sang ;

An' says tae the young folk "'Tis certain, I trow,

That winter will be before lang."

For a mair sicker token there couldna be gi'en,

Says the auld chiel' in weather lore vers'd,

Than that winter is sure to be by-ord'nar keen

When Cock Robin sings early in hair'st.

An' he cracks o' the winters he saw in his youth,

Hoo for lang months the frost it wad last ;

An' speaks o' the winters that come noo, forsooth,

As if nocht but fleabites tae the past.

Hoo rivers had frozen, what big hail doon poor'd,

An' o' unco snawfa's he does tell ;

* Composed on hearing a Robin singing in the month of August, 1876.

An' hoo men an' horses in snaw-drifts were smoor'd,
 Wi' ither great things that befell.

Till wi' lis'ening tae sic extraordinar' tales,
 The young folk are lost in amaze ;

An' wish, as wi' guid nicht the meetin' he skales,
 They had leaved in those wonnerfu' days.

An' afttimes, Cock Robin, yer presence upbrings
 Memories o' the days that are gane ;
 Some loved anes that tingle wi' joy oor heart strings,
 An' some that are mingled wi' pain.

Tho' yer mission's tae warn us winter is near,
 Yet ye're welcome whenever ye come ;
 As yer wild sang in winter tae leal hearts is dear,
 When the lave o' oor warblers are dumb.

Sae I'll sing ye a welcome, Cock Robin the bauld,
 A welcome baith hearty an' free ;
 An' when it comes winter, sae drumlie an' cauld,
 I'll aye spare ye something tae pree.

An' min' what I tell ye, my bonnie wee bird,
 When the grun' is a' happit wi' snaw,
 Come tae oor back door an' I pledge ye my word,
 Ye'll ne'er get gaun hungry awa'.

THE KNAVE AND THE FOOL.

—(:)—

THERE was a mouse once on a time,
A cunning little elf,
Who nightly left his nest to climb
Up to the pantry shelf.

To find a taste of something nice,
He searched the pantry store ;
Scorning to eat, like humble mice,
The crumbs from off the floor.

He never, with the vulgar crowd,
Went romping through the house,
But walked along so staid and proud,
A gentlemanly mouse.

Although he scorned as something mean,
To eat an humble meal ;
He yet, despite his haughty mien,
Was not ashamed to steal.

Thus every night this cunning mouse
Did rob the pantry shelf,
And carried to his little house
A store of ill-got pelf.

But justice, though she bides her time,
Is almost sure at last,
To seize whoe'er commits a crime,
And hold the culprit fast.

And sure, at last, sir mousey found
This proverb to be true,
When firmly in a prison bound,
With certain death in view.

As usual, he went one night
Upon the sweets to prey,
But such a change there met his sight,
As caused him great dismay,

The stores of sweet delicious food
Were all removed and gone,
And nought left but a box that stood
Upon the shelf alone.

Sir mousey at the change was dazed
With wonder and surprise,
While at the little box he gazed
With wide-distended eyes.

Forth from the little box he spied,
There oozed an odour sweet,
And mousey, as he peer'd inside,
Saw, what he thought, a treat.

He viewed the box with timid air,
Then cautiously did glide
Round to the door, and halted there,
Afraid to go inside.

And there he rested for a while,
And gazed in wild suspense;
He envied, like all knaves, the spoil,
But feared the consequence.

Ofttimes to smell the tempting prey
He'd thrust his head inside,
But each time something seemed to say,
"Here danger doth abide."

At length he rose in thoughtful mood,
And left the pantry store,
And never halted till he stood
Upon the kitchen floor.

All round about the place he stood
Were many of his kind,
Some busy were in search of food,
While some for sport inclined.

And as they passed with glances keen,
Each brother's face he scann'd,
For in his brain, as 'twill be seen,
A cunning scheme he'd plann'd.

At length a brother mouse he spied
Nibbling some crumbs of bread,
And stealing softly to his side
In wily accents said—

“Dear friend, it grieves me very sore
To see a handsome mouse
Eat nasty crumbs from off the floor,
And good food in the house.”

Half angry and yet half ashamed,
The little stranger eyed
The polished mouse who had him blamed,
And thus to him replied—

“To be content with humble fare
I always have been taught,
And likewise, that luxuries are
Ofttimes with danger fraught.”

“Such silly nonsense,” said the knave,
“I am surprised to hear,
But cowards will of danger save,
When they have nought to fear.”

Stung by this taunt the other said—
“I ready am, strange sir,
To prove I am no more afraid
Of danger than you are.”

“Good,” said the wily knave, “I thought
Such would be your reply,
I would not have your friendship sought
But for your fearless eye.

And, hark ye, friend ! if ever you
In want of food should be,
Or wish a comrade firm and true,
Then kindly call on me.

I care not for the vulgar throng,
With manners coarse and rude ;
With such I would not mix among,
Nor eat their nasty food.

And though oftentimes, 'twixt you and me,
I've wished a comrade true,
Yet such a one I ne'er could see
Till now I've met with you."

Puffed up by such a honied speech
The silly fool was caught,
And proudly gave that friendship which
The wily knave had sought.

Then said the rogue, "my dearest friend,
Come and I'll show you where
We may some hours in pleasure spend,
And dine on dainty fare.

But first, my friend, before we go,
Give me your promise true,
That you will ne'er to others show,
What I make known to you."

Proud of such condescension shown
By one who seemed so high—
"I ne'er will make your secrets known,"
The other did reply.

"Then follow me," the knave did say,
And passing on before,
He led him through a cunning way,
Up to the pantry store.

Then turning to the simple mouse,
He said, with graceful ease—
"You're kindly welcome to my house,
I hope it doth you please.

But first, my comrade, dear," he said,
"I must your wants attend,"
Then to the little box he led
His unsuspecting friend.

"This is my store, and as I know
You must for food incline,
I give you hearty welcome, so
Please enter in and dine."

The simple mouse inside did creep
To have a dainty bite,
While through the door the rogue did peep
To see if all was right.

He saw his dupe with right good will
Fall on the tempting bait,
Which did his heart with envy fill
And lured him to his fate.

Into the box with nimble gait
He quickly made his way,
Afraid at heart his simple mate
Would eat up all the prey.

But scarcely had he seized his prey
When down the fall went rap,
And knave and fool both found that they
Were caged within a trap!

Poor fool, like simple men and mice,
Fell 'neath the tempter's sway,
And acting under bad advice
Was vilely led astray.

And cunning knave with all his art,
To save himself from harm,
While playing the deceiver's part,
Fell 'neath the law's strong arm.

Now, it so happened on that night,
Another little mouse
Had heard the wily knave invite
The other to his house ;

And thinking if there was to be
A feast, he might have share,
He followed them all silently
To see how they would fare.

All unobserved he reached the store
And saw the quondam pair,
Both enter through the fatal door,
Which proved to be a snare.

He heard the fool upbraid the knave
For treachery so great,
And cry on every power to save
Him from a dreadful fate.

He saw the baffled rascal shake
His prison bars in vain,
And struggle till his limbs did quake
In useless rage and pain.

And then he hurried from the scene,
Back to the kitchen floor,
And told his friends what he had seen,
Up in the pantry store.

The bad news spread round in a trice,
And quickly to the fore
Came trooping such a crowd of mice,
As ne'er met there before.

That a great council must go on
They quickly did decide,
And then forthwith they called upon
Old Greybeard to preside.

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Greybeard was held in high regard,

He being wondrous wise,

And 'mong the tribe he did award

Each punishment and prize.

He formed his brethren in a ring,

And perched above the rest,

He gravely, as if born a king,

The meeting thus addressed—

“My friends, we are brought face to face

With, to my mind, a serious case—

A case we must consider well,

As it perhaps may prove the knell

Of our expulsion from this place,

Where generations past our race

Through every nook could freely go,

Unharm'd by snare or feline foe.

And that each one may understand

The danger that is now at hand,

I call upon our friend to tell

The truth of what he knows befel

One of our friends, and one also

Who was no friend as some well know.”

The witness then as called upon,
Told all he'd seen and heard ;
What both the mice had said and done,
And how they both had fared.

And when the direful news was told
There sounded murmurs loud,
And deep indignant whispers roll'd
Throughout the stricken crowd.

Then on the perch, beside Greybeard,
Sprung little Would-be-great,
And in shrill tones that could be heard,
His valiant views did state—

“ My worthy friends and brother mice,
I proudly give you this advice—
United in one solid band,
Against our strength no snare can stand;
Then let us march in one bold corps,
This instant to the pantry store,
The prison bars asunder rend,
And free our unfortunate friend,
And show our human foes we dare
To defy them and their vile snare.”

Indignant that their friend should lose
His freedom, then his life,
But little bragging made them choose
The fickle path of strife.

But just as they, with angry cries,
Made for the pantry store,
Old Greybeard's voice was heard to rise
Above all the uproar.

At once the crowd of angry mice
Were hushed, and soon prepared
To listen to the sage advice
Of their old friend, Greybeard.

"My friends, it grieved me sore," said he,
"To hear the folly of Would-be—
But still more grieved to see the way
That you all could be led astray.
No one can feel more vexed than I,
To know a brother mouse must die;
But better that it should be so,
Than that we all from here should go—

As go we must, if you, as mice,
Should take Would-be's foolish advice.
He wants our human foes to dare,
And rend in twain their cursed snare.
Now, friends, as each one of you knows,
We cannot fairly call them foes ;
For generations we've lived here,
With neither cat nor snare to fear.
And why ? Because it was our way
To teach our young ones day by day,
To be content with humble fare ;
And never, for their lives, to dare
Attempt to pilfer or to steal,
E'en though they had to want a meal.
And that, the evidence doth tell,
Our foolish friend did know right well ;
The greatest nation, tribe, or cause
Is sure to fail without strict laws.
Our laws he has transgressed, and hence
'Tis right he stands the consequence ;
And evil will on us alight
If we dare strive against what's right.
Vile poison, snare, and feline foe

Will be employed to make us go,
 Until our lives will only be
 A constant spell of misery ;
 And better that we all were dead,
 Than live in misery and dread.
 As for the rogue, whose wicked art
 Put evil in our brother's heart,
 Not one, I'm sure, will feel regret
 When he a felon's fate has met.
 And now, my brother mice and friends,
 With this proverb my speaking ends—
 'Tis better far that one should die,
 Than many live in misery.' ”

When Greybeard's speech came to an end,
 The crowd in silent gloom
 Slowly dispersed, and left their friend
 To meet his dreadful doom !

So both were doomed, no power would save,
 Each rued, but ah ! too late ;
 And morning saw the fool and knave
 Both meet the felon's fate.

And well it was that every mouse
There, took Greybeard's advice,
As still they live within that house
A tribe of happy mice.



*GLADSTONE.**

—(:)—

WELCOME to Scotia! thou bright star of freedom—

Champion of liberty, valiant, and true—

To our dear native land we, 'the sons of bold freemen,'

Give a welcome—a true loyal welcome to you.

Never did heroes display greater valour

Than our sires who fought bravely in liberty's cause?

With hearts that beat high for their God and their country,

They triumphed or died to crush tyranny's laws.

And we their sons now enrol on our banners

The name which for freedom shines out bold and free;

Though a stranger by birth, yet a true Caledonian,

It will honour our land to give honour to thee.

One act of thy life has proved thee aye ready

To make peace and goodwill with all nations and men,

And history will praise thee who set the example

To combat our foes with the tongue and the pen.

* The above verses appeared in the *Edinburgh Weekly Review* during Mr. Gladstone's Mid-Lothian campaign.

Welcome to Scotia! thou bright star of freedom—

Champion of liberty, valiant, and true—

To our own native land we, the sons of bold freemen—

Give a welcome, a true loyal welcome to you.



CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.—Proverb.*

—(:)—

YE unco guid, that preach and pray
 To keep puir folk frae gaun astray,
 An' ye wha mak' a great display
 O' Christian charity,
 There's mickle baith o' want an' wae
 'Midst your prosperity.

When some sad tale comes owre the sea
 O' fell disease and misery,
 Or famine raging ruthlessly
 In foreign lan',
 It's then you shower your charity
 Wi' princely haun'.

An' quite right tae, nane will deny,
 If gi'en thro' real humanity;
 But, sirs, I doot it's aft a try
 For gilded fame,

* The above verses appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail*, during the bad times of 1877.

That ither nations may upcry
Your Christian name.

'Twad gi'e some foreign folk a stoon,
Could they but tak' a turn roon
An' view the distress in oor toon
That's caused by want;
'Twad bring oor Christian credit doon
To sma' account.

The saunts langsyne made it their care,
Tae tend the welfare o' the puir;
But preachers noo being troubled sair
Wi' palmy itch,
Strive hoo they best can use their lare
Tae please the rich.

Ye Christians, tho' but in name,
It ocht tae mak' ye blush wi' shame,
Tae sen' oot help, wi' selfish aim,
Tae barbarous folk,
While hundreds perish here at hame
In misery's yoke.

ADDRESS TO JOHN FROST.

—(·)—

Ay, Johnny Frost, I see ye're there,
 Your turn has cam' roon ance mair,
 To nip oor taes an' noses sair
 Wi' bitin' breath;
 Frae your keen searching grip the puir
 Ha'e dread o' skaith.

Just mark yon beggar, auld an' blin',
 His bluid wi' age an' want is thin,
 See, owre his cheeks the big tears rin
 Frae's sightless e'en;
 Clean foundert wi' your piercin' win'
 Like lancet keen.

An' wae's me, for the honest puir,
 Wha at the best ha'e scanty fare,
 Your presence bodes them mickle care
 They fear to meet;
 Extra bawbees they ill can spare
 To buy them heat.

Yet, Johnny, when a thocht I tak',
 The blame o't disna swell your pack,
 It's man that puts man on the rack
 O' poortith cauld;
 Carless of life giff he but mak'
 A claut o' gauld.

Giff rich folk wad show half the care
 For their ain brither man that's puir,
 That they on dugs an' horses ware
 Whiles to their cost;
 Sma' cause wad be to grum'le mair
 At Johnny Frost.

MAN'S GREATEST CURSE.

—(;)—

I'VE wonder'd oft in sad amaze
 To hear bard's sing in whisky's praise,
 An' tell their fellow-man when sad
 There's nocht like drink to make him glad.
 They tell the man with tortured heart
 Strong drink will make his woes depart;
 They tell the man of timid mould
 'Tis sure to make him brave and bold.

Perhaps 'tis so, but yet, methinks,
 A foolish man is he who drinks;
 To make his cares and woes forgot
 He adds but misery to his lot.
 The courage that from drink is brewed,
 In soberness is ofttimes rued;
 Its fumes can madden scribe and priest,
 And sink the man below the beast.

It mak's the wise man turn a fule ;
It mak's the weak man weaker still ;
It ofttimes mak's the rich man puir ;
It drives oot joy an' brings in care ;
It does the merchant's honour tinge ;
It makes the workman crawl and cringe ;
It drives the rogue from bad to worse ;
It doubtless is man's greatest curse.



TRIFLING THINGS.

—(·)—

A PROVERB tells us in this warld

There's a chance for ane an' a',
That strive to mak' their mark in life,

Be they either great or sma'.

And when we study great men's lives,

Tae oor minds it brings

The fact, that success aft attends

Them that note trifling things.

The greatest actions o' some men

By sma' things ha'e been led,

As mark the gleg wee spider's pluck

Abune the Bruce's bed ;

Its perseverance caused the king

To his duties to return,

Or freedom's cause had ne'er been gained

On the field of Bannockburn.

A British brig was ance attacked
 By a big French man-o'-war,
 An' despite a dogged British pluck,
 She proved owre strong by far;
 When twa-thirds o' her gallant crew
 Were lying stretched aroon',
 The captain cried, wi' quivering lip,
 To haul the colours doon.

Just then, a cock that was on board,
 On the broken mast stump flew,
 An' as if the Frenchman to defy,
 He clapt his wings an' crew;
 The sailors cheered on by its act
 Set on the foe again,
 An' in less time than it tak's to telt,
 The victory was their ain.

An' then there is the story
 O' a young deserving chiel',
 Wha, just wi' watching trifling things,
 Far up fame's brae did speil;

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He had asked for work and been refused,
 But the gentleman has seen
 An' marked him, as he passed ootside,
 Stoop an' pick up a preen.

This simple act got him a job
 An' a powerfu' frien' beside,
 That wi' his ain abilities,
 Made him kenn'd warld-wide.
 His honesty and carefulness
 Did him high honours bring,
 A moral lesson to us a'
 Tae mark ilk trifling thing.

A trifling flaw not fixed in time
 Has cost a man his life;
 A trifling word incautious said
 Has caused much angry strife.
 The want of tenting triflings
 Has lost a king his throne,
 And brought rich men to ruin's door,
 With friends and fortune gone.

A greater fault than carelessness

Would be unco hard to name,

Let it be in the rich man's ha'

Or in the puir man's hame.

An' the game cock's act, the spider's pluck,

An' the story o' the preen,

Show that there's more in trifling things

Than's in the first glance seen.

A FIRESIDE LILT.

—(:)—

WHEN winter nichts are lang an' drear,

An' fields an' trees are clad wi' rime,

At my ain fireside I cozy sit,

Wi' wife an' weans I pass the time.

I like to see the bairns at play,

And hear their honest hearty crow ;

It gi'es the hoose a hearty clink,

An' drives the cares o' toil awa'.

Nae better gifts can nature gi'e

Than health and strength our bread to win,

A thrifty wife to cheer us on,

An' bairnies owre the flure to rin.

It is na aye the puir man's hoose

That harbours gloom an' discontent,

Nor yet is't to the rich man's ha'

A' earthly joy an' pleasure's sent ;

Siller, nae doot, has muckle power,

An' mony comforts it can buy,

But for cheerie wives an' bonnie bairns,

The puir man wi' the rich can vie.

Some men for sake of wealth an' fame
 Ha'e sacrificed their comforts a',
 An' some before they gained their end,
 Sair on their doup ha'e got a fa';
 Ithers, wi' help, ha'e sprachled up
 An' aiblins honours won an' fame,
 An' after a' their toil they found
 Their prize was but an empty name.
 It's then men think o' bygone times,
 O' friendship lost through cauld neglect;
 An' maybe o' some sweet young maid,
 Whose peace o' mind they a' but wreck'd.
 Wi' yearning sigh their minds gae back
 To scenes, alas, for ever gane,
 Auld memories but sadness brings
 An' fills them wi' remorse and pain.
 Thus men throw kin an' frien's aside,
 Some babble o' sma' worth to get;
 And when at length they gain the prize,
 It brings them nocht but vain regret.
 How like a bairn in childish play
 A soapy bubble strives tae blaw,

Hoo caunily he'll breathe it up .

Tae on his nose 'tis like to fa' ;

Sic brilliant colours on it shine

As fairly dazzles his young e'en,

But, lo ! when grasp at it he mak's

'Tis vanished as it ne'er had been.

Its loveliness was a' deceit,

Fause was the form that looked sae gran',

Its moral shows the proverb's truth,

The boy is father to the man.

ODE TO THE SKY-LARK.

—(·)—

ALL hail! thou soul-inspiring bird
 That lead'st man's fancy heavenward!
 Whose glad refrain,
 Melodious strain
 Comes swelling through the balmy air;
 When soaring high
 In azure sky,
 Like song of love from angels fair,
 To banish hence all earthly care.

Hail to thee, prince of vernal song,
 'Mongst all our gifted feathered throng,
 Whose warblings ring
 In early spring
 From budding bush and tow'ring tree;
 None can aspire
 To thy rich lyre
 When soaring in the heavens free,
 Outpouring regal melody.

Sweet feathered songster of the light,
Sure angels guide thy aerial flight,
Thy song can fill
With gladdening thrill
The souls of wearying human kind;
In thy bright lay,
Pure ecstasy,
The saddened heart, the careworn mind
Can cheerfulness and solace find.

L I N E S

ON DISTURBING A ROBIN FROM ITS NEST.

—(;)—

WEE frichted birdie, dinna flee !

I didna mean tae fear ye ;

Had I but kenn'd what ye had there,

My word, I'd ne'er gane near ye.

These tiny eggs o' blaeish tint

Concern thy wee heart mair

Than a' the jewels that bedeck

The broos o' beauties fair.

In thee Dame Nature shows that skill

Which hills and glens adorn ;

Thy dainty nest nae 'prentice haun'

Could hauf as fairly form—

Sae warn^m an' cozy, yet sae frail ;

But for the Power that taught ye⁺

To big it safe frae win' an' rain

Wi' danger 'twad be fraught aye.

Ye're on't again ! it mak's me prood
 Tae see ye lippen tae me ;
 On me may every ill befa'
 Gif I'd but daur betray ye !
 May ilka tiny egg ye've laid
 Fu' an' productive prove ;
 Soon may ye feel the tender pouts
 Beneath yer breastie move.

May Providence protect yer nest,
 An' keep frae ye a' ill,
 Tae yer wee brood can tak' the wing
 Tae wander at their will.
 An' when yer young anes a' are flown,
 Wee bird, tak' ye nae fear,
 The Power that kept thee safe sae lang,
 Will tent them a' the year.

THE AULD KIRKYAIRD.

—(:)—

There's the auld kirkyaird at the foot o' the brae,
 Where the flowers sweetly bloom i' the blythe simmer day,
 An' the birds warble sweetly on ilka green tree,
 But the birds an' the flowers hae nae charms for me;
 For I'm aged an' frail, I'm lanely an' puir,
 An' my heart ance sae licht is noo heavy wi' care,
 An' I weary the time tae I'm laid 'neath the swaird
 Where the loved ones are lying i' the auld kirkyaird.

My forbears lie i' the auld kirkyaird,
 My gudeman rests i' the auld kirkyaird;
 An' I weary the time tae I'm laid 'neath the swaird,
 Where my bonnie bairns sleep i' the auld kirkyaird.

First my gudeman went, wha was aye leal an' kind,
 An' left me my lane the wee bairnies tae mind;
 But death cut them doon as the frost nips the braird,
 An' they a' sleep thegither i' the auld kirkyaird.

Mony years hae passed sin' they a' fell asleep,
 An' life's paths to me hae been rugged an' steep ;
 An' I winner afttimes hoo I hae been spared,
 An' sae mony ithers laid i' the auld kirkyaird.

My forbears lie i' the auld kirkyaird,
 My gudeman rests i' the auld kirkyaird ;
 An' I weary the time tae I'm laid 'neath the swaird,
 Where my bonnie bairns sleep i' the auld kirkyaird.



A TANNAHILL ANNIVERSARY SONG.

—(;)—

What brings those smiling faces here ?

Why are we met in crowds to-day ?

What mean those sounds that greet the ear

Of sweet, soul-thrilling harmony ?

Gleniffer's sides with strains resound,

And shake 'neath Music's regal sway,

From hearts that greet, with joyous bound,

A poet's anniversary.

Chorus.—Loud will we sing a joyous strain

In honour of his memory ;

The welcome day, 'tis come again

Tannahill's anniversary.

The lark thrills forth his song of love,

Wild roses bloom in beauty rare ;

The mavis warbles in the grove

'Mong perfumed hawthorn blossoms fair.

The birds with music wild and sweet,
And Nature in her June array,
Unite, with kindred hearts, to greet
Our poet's anniversary.

Loud will we sing, &c.

That beauteous and varied scene,
By his bright eye once highly prized,—
That lovely glen, all sparkling green,
By his sweet Muse immortalized,—
Each sylvan nook and flowery lane
Where he in life oft loved to stray,—
All echo with the glad refrain
That greets his anniversary.

Loud will we sing, &c.

SONG.—O, SAW YE MY DEARIE?

—(:)—

AIR.—“Come o’er the Stream, Charlie.”

O, saw ye my dearie, sae blythsome an’ cheerie,

O, saw ye my ain dearie comin’ to me;

He’s ne’er cam’ to meet me, he’s ne’er cam’ to greet me,

O, wae’s me, my ain dearie, whaur can he be?

Chorus—He’s in yon glen hidin’ whaur warlocks abide in,

Whaur bogles at gloamin’ a’ meet on the lea;

An’ high in yon eerie a howlet fu’ leerie,

Sits winkin’, an’ blinkin’, an’ hootin’ at me.

O, saw ye my Johnnie, sae winsome an’ bonnie,

O, saw ye my ain Johnnie comin’ to me;

I’ll ne’er daur to chide him whate’er may betide him,

Sae dearly I lo’e the sweet blink o’ his e’e.

He’s in yon glen hidin’, &c.

What joy noo ! I see him an' soon I'll be wi' him,
Sae blythely an' couthie he's comin' to me ;
I ha'e gotten my Johnnie the dearest o' ony,
Love shines like a star in his bonnie blue e'e.

Chorus.—

There is naething can fear me noo Johnnie is near me,
His heart's a' my ain, he's the licht o' my e'e ;
Weel wrapped in his plaidie, fu' cozy an' tidy
Nae warlocks nor bogles daur meddle wi' me.

YOUNG BESSIE.

—(:)—

/ YOUNG Bessie was bonnie,
 And sighed for by mony—
 Twa things that she aye seemed to ken o' braw weel.
 A weel-faured young lassie,
 Tho' proudfu' an' saucy,
 Wha's smile could aye kittle the heart o' ilk chiel'.

Wi' a' them that courted
 She giggled an' flirted,
 But wha she thocht maist o' nane ever could tell.
 Nor nae favour'd lover
 Could ever discover
 Gin the lass cared a spittle e'en for his ainsel'.

Bessie had a notion
 To soar 'bune her station,
 An' marry some cuif wha'd a hantle o' gear;
 An' ilk glaikit wooer
 Was made to feel sma'er,
 Wha daured Bessie's price in the bygaun to speir.

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But time in the wearin'
 Clean stoppit a' speirin',
 For Bessie's young wooers got partners mair kind;
 And fickle Dame Fortune,
 Despite a' her courtin',
 Ne'er brocht up an offer to suit Bessie's mind.

Puir Bessie, ance bonnie,
 An' courted by mony,
 Is now an auld maiden near twa score an' ten—
 A chirpin auld creature,
 Brimfu' o' ill nature,
 Ne'er missin' a chance to speak ill o' the men.

A cat an' a parrot
 She keeps in her garret—
 A parrot that's noise but an auld maid could stan';
 But it seems ne'er to tease her,
 An' afitimes to please her—
 She cuddles her tabby instead o' a man.

SIMMER'S CAM' AGAIN.

—(:)—

SIMMER's cam' again, Nannie, simmer's cam' again',
Wi' clear blue sky and caller air, and sunny blinks o' rain ;
The dancin' sunbeams send a thrill o' pleasure thro' ilk vein,
An' genial win's mak' life rejoice, noo simmer's cam' again.
On meadow lands o' sparklin' green bedeck'd wi' gowans gay,
The sleek ewes watch wi' tender gaze their lambkins jouk
an' play ;
Dame Nature's face is clad wi' smiles noo surly winter's gane,
An' simmer's cam' again, Nannie, simmer's cam' again.

Simmer's cam' again, Nannie, simmer's cam' again,
An' bonnie are the smilin' flowers that bloom on hill an'
plain,
The blythe wee birds on tree an' spray to show their joy
are fain,
An' woo their mates wi' cheerie sang, noo simmer's cam'
again.

'Mang sylvan neuks an' fairy glens the burnie slides alang,
 An' greets the flowers that deck its course wi' merry
 prattlin' sang;
 While laverocks i' the cloudless lift pour forth a glad
 refrain,
 Noo simmer's cam' again, Nannie, simmer's cam' again.

Simmer's cam' again, Nannie, simmer's cam' again,
 An' fragrant scents perfume the air frae ilka flowery lane;
 The wild bees waukened oot their trance a' tae the fields
 ha'e ta'en.
 An' scan the flowers wi' merry hum, noo simmer's cam'
 again,
 Then let us gang an' spend the day 'mang scenes that plea-
 sures bring,
 Where burnies jouk, an' flowerets bloom, an' birdies blythely
 sing;
 A' warldly cares we'll cast aside, o' sad thochts we'll ha'e
 nane,
 Noo simmer's cam' again, Nannie, simmer's cam' again.

COME AN' STRAY WI' ME, LASSIE.

—(:)—

O, COME an' stray wi' me, lassie,
 Noo simmer has come roon;
 Come, gang wi' me to Cams'lang glen
 An' hear the burnie croon—
 An' hear the mavis lilt, lassie,
 His wild heart-stirring strain,
 While ilk wee bird frae leafy stem
 Pours forth a sweet refrain.

'Mang gowans sweet we'll tread, lassie,
 Owre buttercups an' a',
 An' scent the fragrant hawthorn hoar
 That sune will fade awa';
 There the thistle bold we'll meet, lassie,
 That blossoms far an' wide,
 Nae heart that's Scottish to the core
 But looks upon't wi' pride.

An' then we'll cross the lea, lassie,
 Before the nicht-dews fa',
 An' rest a wee by yonder bush
 Where sweet wild-roses blaw ;
 An' list the laverock heigh, lassie,
 Chant his e'ening song o' praise,
 An' mark the heaven's rosy blush
 At the sun's departing rays.

There I will tell ye a', lassie,
 My earthly hopes an' fears,
 An' what has been my beacon-light
 For mony bygane years ;
 An' O, I fain do hope, lassie,
 That ye will say me yea,
 An' then luve's-lowie will burn bricht,
 An' life be sweet as day.

M A R Y .

—(·)—

✓ I SING na o' a lady fair
 Wi' wealth o' gear an' lan',
 Bedecked wi' jewels rich an' rare,
 An' clad in fashions gran';
 But o' a lassie charming sweet
 As wild-flower to the bee,
 As the sun to flower, a' dewy weet,
 Is Mary dear to me.

Her form cast in perfection's mould,
 Would charm the sculptor's soul;
 Her gentle heart, as pure as gold,
 Might serve for hero's goal.
 Like evening star at gloamin' grey,
 Is her soft hazel e'e; ^τ
 Her smiling face, like blythsome May,
 Makes Mary dear to me.

I ha'e nae wish for wealth or fame,
Sweet love is a' my bent,
As lang's her heart is a' my ain
I'll toil thro' life content;
Ilk day that dawns will pleasure bring
That only love can see,
Whate'er betide, thro' life I'll sing—
My Mary's dear to me.



NEW-YEAR THOUGHTS.

—(:)—

THE auld year's wearin' fast awa', the new ane's creepin' in,
Let each ane tak' a backward glance an' see what guid he's
dune;

An' if wi' haun's upon oor hearts we honestly can say,
That thro' the year we've dune oor best an upright part to
play.

Then tho' oor share o' warldy gear may aiblins be but sma',
A happy an' contented min' will cheer and bless us a';
He that uphau^{ds} the law o' love has little cause to fear,
That honestly can wish all men a hearty guid New-Year.

THE auld year's wearin' fast awa', the new ane's creepin' in,
A year's toil past to honest men, anither to begin;
To some a weary rugged path wi' miry pit-falls full,
To others but a flowery lane, a sparkling silver pool.
Yet ha'e we a' that's spared in life some cause to thankfu'
be,

For many saw the last new-year that winna this ane see;
Sae let us dae the best we can to enjoy life while we're
here,

An' act as if we wished all men a hearty guid New-Year.

THE LINE O' ROYAL CHARLIE.

—(:)—

I'LL croon a sang in honour o'
 A bold and gallant race,
 Wha's memory from Scottish hearts,
 Stern time can ne'er efface.
 A race sprung from that hero king
 Wha caused oor faes tae mourn,
 That glorious day he made us free
 On the field of Bannockburn.

Chorus.—Then let us toast the memory
 O' them that suffered sairly;
 A race wha's name we still revere,
 The line o' Royal Charlie.

The Stuart race, the Stuart race,
 Wham fortune jilted sair,
 Could boast of brave and manly sons,
 And dochters wondrous fair,
 That reigned for lang owre Scottish hearts,
 Wha in them did confide,
 Brave hearts that beat for Scotia's fame,
 Wi' native loyal pride.
 Then let us toast, &c.

But oh, a spoke o' Fortune's wheel

Cam' doon wi' ruthless blow,

And made the Royal Stuart race

Their ancient rights forego.

Outcast and exiled from the land

That gave them name and birth,

In poverty the Stuart race,

Uncared for, passed from earth.

Then let us toast, &c.

When Daddie Time has changes wrought,

And kingdoms cease to be,

And men will smile to think their sires

Upheld such vanity.

Still, where the Scottish songs are sung

To inspire social glee,

The poet's strains will bring tae min'

The Stuarts' memory.

Then let us toast, &c.

SONG.—THE SKY-LARK.

—(:)—

LIGHTLY the sky-lark floats

High in the air;

Sweet flow his silvery notes,

Melodious and rare.

Up higher still he soars

On quivering wings,

Void of care, free as air,

Blythely he sings.

“Emblem of happiness,” joyful thy flight,

Sweet thy song the clouds among,

Inspiring delight.

When the storms of winter keen

Have vanished away,

And fields clad with verdure green

Are radiant and gay.

When flowers deck the country lanes

And summer is nigh,

O'er the plains, peal his strains,

From the heavens high.

“Emblem of happiness,” joyful thy flight,

Sweet thy song, the clouds among,

Inspiring delight.

THE BONNIE WEE GOWAN.

— (:) —

THE bonnie wee gowan, the dainty wee gowan,
 With a breast like the snow and a fringe like the rowan;
 No flower I see has more charms for me,
 With the tinge on its fringe,
 Oh! how bonnie the gowan.

It blooms on the meadow, it blooms on the hill,
 It blooms on the banks of the river and rill;
 And the fierce storms of winter have scarce passed away,
 Ere the bonnie wee gowan peeps forth to the day.

In the earliest spring time it gladdens the eye,
 Like a star peeping forth from a storm-threatening sky;
 With its petals all tipp'd with a deep crimson hue,
 And its pure snowy breast all a-sparkle with dew.

Oh! the bonnie wee gowan, the dainty wee gowan,
 With a breast like the snow and a fringe like the rowan;
 No flower I see has more charms for me,
 With the tinge on its fringe,
 Oh! how bonnie the gowan.

A GUID AULD SCOTTISH SANG.

—(:)—

When warldly cares harass the mind
 An' mak' us dull an' sad,
 Or fickle fortune's knavish jinks
 Are like to drive us mad;
 To sulk or fret owre things that's past
 Mak's ither things gae wrang;
 To cheer the heart there's naething ding
 A guid auld Scottish sang.

There's some o' them wi warlike strain
 Can warm up the bluid,
 As they tell o' heroes brave an' true
 Wha died for Scotland's guid;
 In those days when loud 'gainst tyrants' power
 The Scottish war-cry rang,
 It mak's oor hearts beat high wi' pride
 As we croon a Scottish sang.

There's some again wi' subtle power
Can soothe and charm the mind,
Croon owre them when or where we may,
New pleasures we can find ;
That tell of inspired minds that roamed
Our shady glens amang,
And left a spell to charm ilk heart
In some auld Scottish sang.

What Scotchman's heart but thrills wi' love-
As he croons "Auld Robin Gray,"
Or fails to feel his heart's bluid throb
At the strains o' "Scots Wha Ha'e?"
They strengthen in oor hearts what's guid,
And banish thought that's wrang,
There's virtues that are little kenn'd
In a guid auld Scottish sang.

*HOPE FOR THE BOLD.*

—(·)—

When assailed by misfortune till the prospect grows dark,
And adversity's storms encompass life's barque,
And friends fondly trusted prove hollow and cold,
Still never despair, there is hope for the bold.
Of things that are gone 'tis lost time to bewail—
A stout heart will win where a weak one will fail ;
As the peasant's stout flail frees the wheat from the chaff,
So should man be refined by adversity's staff.

Though fools may entice and false knaves may jeer,
Never swerve from the beacon, but still persevere ;
When the goal's to be won then the heart must be brave—
'Tis the worthiest ship rides the mightiest wave.
With courage undaunted on the path bravely wend,
Although rugged and long still it must have an end ;
When the prospect is darkest still hope for the best—
The harder the toil is the sweeter the rest.

When a) ailed \y mi) \or/lune till (e \ro)\e
 And a \er)ily) storm) en-on\ a) li(e) \ar-
 And \aint) \only truste \rde hollow and - ol
)ill ne\er \es\air (ere i) hore \or (e \ol



